Bitchy Soulmate

bxxpbxxprichie

Bitchy Soulmate by bxxpbxxprichie

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Genre: Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Eventual Smut, M/M, Multi, Smut, Soulmates, bichie - Freeform, eddie and stan are in love within minute, richie is a dick, starts out with reddie/stenbrough, steddie
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Summary:

Richie was never a fan of writing on himself. On occasion, he would see doodles on his own skin, and sometimes even notes, but he never really responded. He didn't want to know who his soulmate was, really. He felt like he was too young for that, he just wanted continue on how he was and eventually bump into whoever he was meant to be with once he was out of high school.

Originally a prompt from tumblr. Turned into a multi-part.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

> My favorite of the soulmate AU's is where whatever you write on your skin appears on your soulmates. However, a friend and I expanded on this a long time ago and included bruises and scars are shared as well, so GUESS WHAT I'M DOING
>
> Modern!Soulmate!Bichie
>
> Warnings: Hickies, mentions of sexual actions, jealousy

Richie was never a fan of writing on himself. On occasion, he would see doodles on his own skin, and sometimes even notes, but he never really responded. He didn't want to know who his soulmate was, really. He felt like he was too young for that, he just wanted continue on how he was and eventually bump into whoever he was meant to be with once he was out of high school.

On days things did show up on his skin, they were usually in inconspicuous places. Like his thighs, or his stomach. Notes usually were scribbled on the palm of his hand but were gone within hours, which made him assume his soulmate had sweaty palms. Didn't matter to him, much. He didn't like seeing the scribbles on his palm or the doodles on his legs. If anything, they made him feel sick.

It was pretty much frowned upon to be with anyone but your soulmate. But, Richie was with someone. People did it all the time. Really, so long as you haven't found your soulmate things wouldn't be bad. But especially after the first kiss was when things got worse. After the first kiss if you try to be with anyone else your body revolts. Richie wasn't ready for that. He wasn't ready to give up Eddie.

The shorter boy had scribbles on him all the time. That was the only reason Richie knew that they weren't meant to be. He constantly had notes on his arms, stick drawings of birds on his hands, and one day when they were around fourteen, he gained bite-marks on one side of

his face. It had been shocking, to say the least, to look up from his place on Eddie's floor to see blood running down the boys face, and he hadn't even noticed.

So, the two weren't meant to be. And it genuinely had taken a long time for Richie to convince him, but Eddie finally caved and admitted his crush on Richie. They'd been together for about two years now, and were nearing graduation. Richie knew what Graduation meant. The split. They were best friends, sure, but Richie was head over heels for the boy. He just hoped things would be okay between them.

Richie himself had a number of scars from his soulmate. Around the time of Eddie's bite marks, he obtained a cut on his eyebrow. He also had a lot of instances of skinned knees and elbows. He had given his own soulmate a small cut on his nose. One time he'd been punched in the face and it resulted in his glasses breaking. The scar was small, and he could cover it with his glasses when he wore them, but more often than not he didn't. He got contacts when he was sixteen and preferred them over his glasses, unless he was sick, feeling lazy, or literally just when Eddie told him he preferred his glasses.

Speaking of Eddie, the boy was currently under him. Richie's lips were attached to Eddie's neck, working at it as gently as possible. Eddie always got onto him when he got too rough. He was apparently ashamed of his soulmate knowing that he was getting busy with others, even though random hickies would show up on Eddie's own skin. It sort of pissed Richie off, because he knew those times upsetted Eddie, but then it only spurred him to attack his boyfriend.

This was one of those times. They'd just taken a shower together, and while getting out nice hickies appeared on the other's hips. Richie liked the way they looked on Eddie's skin, really.

"Do it, Rich." Eddie spoke.

Richie didn't need any more incentive. He marked up his boyfriend for the first time in two years. He knew it was really out of the other's pain, but he wanted to do it too. He was angry for him.

Before he knew it, the two of them were cleaning up once more, and getting dressed.

He'd acquired his first hickey as well. Of course, he'd gone pretty ham on Eddie's neck, while he only had one on his neck, and one below his collar bone. He still liked them.

His skin tingled on his neck, and he knew his soulmate was writing something. It made him roll his eyes. He pulled on his v-neck and moved to look in the mirror. The hickey had been circled, and 'Really?' was written.

Richie swallowed thickly.

"They speak." Eddie quips, coming up behind Richie to look at it.

"They do." Richie nods. They don't talk too much about their soulmates. It was silly to do it, really.

"Okay, Eds. Let me put on my jeans and we can go."

Bill was feeling pretty conflicted with himself. Sure, he'd just given his friend a blow job, but that didn't mean that his soulmate could go and screw whoever. His eyes were trained on the mark on his neck, and he glared at it with disdain.

For years, Bill just assumed he didn't have a soulmate. He never got responses to anything he wrote or drew on his skin, and no scars ever showed up. For fifteen years, he assumed he was destined to be alone. And then, a little nick appeared on his nose. He had been so excited about it, that he hadn't even minded the blood running down his face, or the fact that brusies were coming in nicely around his eyes. He had just ran to his mother, and cried from happiness.

Honestly, he figured that his soulmate was just shy, and that's why he never got responses. That's why they never commented on his drawings. He always did his best to keep them in places where clothes could hide them, because he was sure his soul mate appreciated that. If they were shy, they probably didn't want others to know what was all over their body. Even the notes he scribbled on his hands were gone within a few hours. Bill just had a terrible

memory and needed it for things like passwords and lists, and as soon as he was finished with it he washed his hands and got it off.

“This s-sucks.” He commented, his eyes shifting over to look at Stan.

“No fucking kidding.” The other boy scowled, scrubbing at his neck.

“Well it’s some s-sort of pay back for you. They’ve been l-living with your hickies for how long now?” Bill teases. His stutter was irritating him, but he was trying to ignore it. It only came out when he was upset, which made it really hard for him to shield his feelings anymore.

“It’s a he. And he told me he’d be busy today, I just didn’t think he meant in this way.” Stan shakes his head a bit and gives up. He moves to his closet and pulls out a scarf to tuck around his neck.

Bill took a moment to look at his boyfriend…friend. They were just friends. It was really cool that he and his soulmate communicated. Honestly, it made Bill a little jealous, but he wasn’t going to push his own to do anything. That wouldn’t do any good. But still, he and Stan had been friends for so long. When they started high school Bill had feelings for him, and while Stan felt the same way they decided to not get too deep into things like that, just so things were simpler when they met their soulmates. Bill had agreed. And at this point they were just friends. Friends who got each other off.

“It’s cool, that you guys t-talk.” Bill tells him.

Stan sat on his bed and started pulling on his boots, “Yeah. I mean we barely do, but-” Stan shrugs.

Bill sits next to him to pull on his converse. “It’s better than the big fat n-nothing I get.” He comments.

“Maybe not.” Stan tells him.

Today they were going up to Bangor for some winter break fun. There really wasn’t much to do in Derry, other than build snowmen and drink coffee or hot chocolate. Stan had the whole day planned out for them. They were going to go to the park for a nature walk first, regardless of how cold it was outside. Then they were going to

grab lunch, see a movie, and when it got dark they were going to go see the Christmas lights, and probably end the day cuddling in Stan's bed.

If only their day wasn't about to get completely turned upside down.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

> Legit I had no time to edit this but I have to get ready for a show tonight, so I figured you guys would prefer that I got it out now rather than it be 100% perfect and not out until like Monday sometime!
>
> Warnings: Cute shit, upset Richie, bloody lips

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Word Count: 2742

It was cold outside. Eddie was pressed closely to Richie's side with one of their high school sweatshirts on, jeans, boots, and a flannel blanket around his shoulders. They walked a little awkwardly, but it was okay. It would be okay. They usually got used to the cold pretty easily, but Eddie always needed the blanket when they first went out.

As they passed Bangor High, Richie lifted his middle finger. He hated the school. He hated the teachers. He hated his classmates. He hated that he was about to graduate. His arm tightened around Eddie's waist, but the shorter boy didn't speak of it, knowing exactly what Richie was thinking.

Richie's house was only a ten minute walk from downtown Bangor. They had to walk through the park to make it, which was honestly Richie's favorite part. The park was always so pretty during the winter. And it was pretty much why he insisted on walking rather than driving.

They were walking slowly, though, so it was definitely more than ten minutes before they reached the park.

His arm was still looped around Eddie's waist, and they stopped to look up at the trees. Ice crystals were hanging off the branches from the sleet the night before, making it look like a winter wonderland.

“What’s the plan?” Richie finally asked, shifting his gaze from the trees to his boyfriend.

They hadn’t really made a plan before coming. They usually didn’t. It was easier to just go downtown and do whatever caught their eyes.

“I would say the arcade, but I didn’t bring my disinfectant wipes. Lord knows how many hands have touched those things today alone.” Eddie shuddered lightly in his arms, making Richie grin widely down at him.

“God you’re so fucking cute.” He tells him, before leaning down to kiss him.

A shock to his lips made him pull back.

“What the hell?” Richie cursed, letting go of Eddie and reaching up to touch his lips. When he pulled his fingers back they were stained in blood.

He started to panic.

“What the fuck?” His chest heaved wildly, and he looked to Eddie. The blood was on his boyfriend’s lips too, and it seemed they were both on the verge of hyperventilating.

Eddie hadn’t needed his inhaler in years. He didn’t even keep it on him anymore.

Springing into action, Richie cupped the boy’s cheeks and made him look into his eyes. “Hey! Hey, it’s okay, baby. Just breathe with me okay? In,…and out.”

Eddie was nodding frantically in response to Richie’s words, and they took in deep breaths together, both trying to calm their racing hearts.

This wasn’t right.

They should’ve just stayed home today.

LINE BREAK

The drive to Bangor was easy. It was about thirty minutes north of Derry, if you drove the speed limit and there was lots of traffic.

Stan didn't drive the speed limit. And there weren't lots of traffic.

It was about midday, so adults were working and anyone on the road were probably just other teens heading up to downtown Bangor, judging from the high speeds.

They made it downtown within twenty minutes, the windows rolled down and the cold air whipping at their cheeks. They were singing loudly to old 80's hits, holding hands atop the center console. Stan's jeep was perfect for sleet and snow covered roads, the four wheel driving making it smoother than Bill thought possible.

His nose was red, and running by the time they parked. Stan reached into the back seat and put a box of Kleenex between them. The both of them went to work, blowing their snotty noses, all the while grinning and feeling high from the fun drive.

They both got out of the jeep and started their stroll through the park, hands clasped together and shoulders touching to keep some warmth between them.

Stan pointed out a few of the winter birds, a wide grin on his face. They watched kids ice skate on a frozen pond. They passed by a frozen, dead flower bed and admired it for a bit.

"It's crazy how something like this can still be pretty." Stan spoke, through his numb lips.

"No kidding." Bill grinned, the movement pulling the skin of his lips a little painfully. His eyes caught on another couple just past them, and for some reason he felt like he knew them. Or one of them. "Do they look familiar to you?" he asked Stan, nodding to the two boys.

Stan turned to look at them, just as the taller one grinned down at the shorter one with all the love in his eyes. "I've never seen them before in my life…but it feels…familiar." Stan admits.

The two boys kiss, and within seconds Bill felt a shock on his lips.

“Shit.”

He was vaguely aware of Stan cussing similarly, and they both touched their lips. Blood was dripping from their fingers seconds later, and Bill looked at Stan, all to excited.

“That’s a huge coincidence.” Bill tells him, pointing to the boys. “Those are ours. They’re together. We’re together.” He couldn’t believe it honestly. His mind wasn’t even thinking of the actions from this morning because by god his soulmate was standing twenty feet from him with blood dripping off his lips.

He just didn’t know which one it was, exactly.

“Do we…do we go over there?” Stan asked.

Bill didn’t know. But he wanted too.

“They look like they’re having a moment.” Stan says.

He was right. Their foreheads were pressed together, and eyes were closed. He couldn’t tell what was going on, but the moment they broke away from it, Bill was on the move. He had to meet his soulmate.

He ignored the calls from Stan, telling him to wait, to think this through. He had to do this. He had to meet him.

LINE BREAK

Eddie’s breathing finally calmed down, and Richie puffed out a breath. “Okay.” He spoke softly, brushing his fingers against the boys cheek. “Maybe we should just go back.”

They both knew what was happening. They were told that things like this could happen. One of their soulmates was in the area. Or both, judging by how much blood was shared between them. Richie could even feel the spot on his lip where it had busted.

He looked up and his heart dropped. Not one, but two guys were stomping through snow towards them, both of them having blood smeared across their lips.

“Fuck.” Richie cursed again. It was too late. They’d already seen them. He wasn’t ready. Genuinely, he wasn’t ready for this moment.

His jaw was clenching and unclenching, and he reached for Eddie’s hand. His boyfriend took it, and they both held on as tightly as they could. Richie because he was terrified of losing Eddie, and Eddie because he was having so much anxiety over meeting his soulmate.

“We should’ve stayed home.” He mutters under his breath, although he knew Eddie didn’t feel the same. He knew Eddie was ready to know his soulmate. He had been ready since they were kids.

The two boys stopped in front of them, and Richie took a short step closer to Eddie, while the shorter one grabbed the blanket that was starting to fall from his shoulders.

No one spoke for a moment, the four boys sizing each other up. It wasn’t until the shortest of them gave a few heaving cough that anything was said.

“Are you okay? Should we go get your inhaler?” Richie was more than worried, his eyes now only on his boyfriend.

Eddie cleared his throat, “I’m fine, we should probably just get out of the cold before we get sick.”

“The diner.”

Richie’s head snapped up. He didn’t know which one of the two spoke as all his focus had been on Eddie.

“We were…we were going to go grab lunch. You should join us.” It was the shorter of the two, with wild curls rivaling his own who had spoken.

“Not on his mother’s life.”

“We’d love too!”

He and Eddie had spoken at the same time, and Richie couldn’t help but shoot a glare at the shorter boy.

“Fine.” Richie spoke. “But someone is paying for at least my hot chocolate.”

“Deal.” The tallest of them grinned.

LINE BREAK

Over the walk to the diner, Bill had learned their names. Richie and Eddie. He had a hankering that Richie was his soulmate, mostly because of the pull, but he wasn’t sure yet. They hadn’t touched. And his neck was covered with a scarf, much like all of theirs were. The only skin showing were his hands, and his face.

He was pretty. Gorgeous, really. But he didn’t seem as enthusiastic about meeting them as Eddie did. Bill got it. Nothing about this was easy, especially if they were together. He didn’t want to get between anything, but it’s not like he really had a choice. None of them did.

They settled into a booth at Nicky’s, Richie and Eddie on one side, and he and Stan on the other. His eyes trailed over the plastic records that hung on the walls in decoration, and the racing stripes below.

“So…are you guys from around here?” Eddie asked, leaning over Richie’s arms to look at the menu, even though he had one in front of himself.

“We live in Derry. It’s south of here. Twenty minute drive on a good day.” Bill answered, doing his best to not give a peculiar look.

“Never heard of it.” Richie said, a little harshly, turning the page on his menu.

“We’ve been through there before, mom and I.” Eddie says, sniffling softly.

“Oh yeah? What for?” Stan asks.

“Oh. My parents used to live in Derry. After my dad died we uh…me and my mom, we moved to Bangor. She said it was too painful for her to stay in town, but she loves Maine. My dad’s buried in the Derry Cemetery, so we go every once in awhile.” Eddie’s voice was a bit quiet. He didn’t like talking about his father much, mostly because

any time he did his mom got upset.

Stan nodded slowly.

“Sorry you lost your dad.” Bill spoke up, his own voice quiet. He knew how hard it was to lose someone so close to you.

“So can I ask something.” Richie piped up, putting the menu down.

There wasn’t much of a response.

“The bite marks.” He nodded to Eddie. “How did they happen?”

Everything clicked then. For all four of them. It was like they had all been blinded from shock that they hadn’t noticed facial features all that much, but now that it was pointed out, the scars on both Stan and Eddie’s faces were evident.

“Oh.” Stan spoke, his brow furrowing. He looked to Bill, and Bill shrugged in response.

“You’ll probably think we’re crazy. How we remember it is not how our p-parents think it happened.” Bill said, his eyes casting down to his hands, which were folded on the table.

Stan placed a soft hand on Bill’s leg. Bill appreciated it. “Long story short, Bill’s little brother went missing. We went looking for him. According to my parents, and the doctors, I was bit by large dog. Maybe that is how it happened. We were kids with overactive imaginations.” Stan seemed like he didn’t want to say much more.

“Did you find him?” Richie asked, sounding gentle for the first time since the two showed up.

Bill shook his head.

Silence fell over the group for a good ten minutes, before a waitress came to take their order.

LINE BREAK

True to his word, Bill paid for Richie’s hot chocolate…and his lunch.

Richie had been a bit surprised, but he figured Bill was trying to make an effort. Richie appreciated it, but he really wasn't ready for all of this.

It was like Bill could tell.

Eddie and Stan, however, were hitting it off completely. They held most of the conversation, Bill and Richie only interjecting when explicitly addressed. It was very obvious Stan and Eddie were meant to be.

It was painful for Richie the whole time.

But he kept a smirk on his face, and started interjecting all too inappropriate comments, as the four of them exchanged numbers and promised to make plans and meet up again.

Even though they were far from finished that day.

They spent a few hours at the diner, before leaving to go see the movie Bill and Stan had been planning on seeing. Richie paid his own way in this time. He sat between Eddie and Bill, and restrained himself from holding his best friends hand, or wrapping his arm around his shoulders.

He loved Eddie so much. He didn't want to mess this up for him.

Richie barely watched the movie. His thoughts were ranging from anger, to sadness, to fake happiness, to scared, to loneliness, to all out depression. He left more than once to go to the bathroom when it got too bad, not wanting to let tears escape from his eyes around the others.

No one bothered him. Not even Bill.

It was dark by the time they left the Cinema, and they all piled into Stan's jeep, something Richie was actually excited about.

"This is yours?" He asked, hand running over the sleek paint. "She's beautiful." Richie was very in tune with cars, and a Jeep Wrangler was by far his dream car.

“Her names Deborah.” Stan had told him, grinning for the first time at Richie, rather than Eddie.

He hated to admit, he really liked Stan. He also really hated Stan.

They drove to the Christmas lights showing, and Stan and Eddie took the lead, both wrapped up together in Eddie’s blanket. Richie and Bill were behind them, walking at a much slower pace together.

Richie marveled at the lights. It really was beautiful out here. The snow crunched delightfully under his feet, and he felt calm for the first time that night.

“So, what’s your favorite thing to do?” Bill’s voice broke the trance, and Richie looked over at him, before shoving his hands into his jacket pockets.

“Fuck my boyfriend.” Richie stated bluntly, still quite bitter.

Bill snorted, the sound close to a laugh as they continued on.

“I like fucking my boyfriend too.” Bill admitted, walking a little closer to Richie.

“Two tops don’t make a right.” Richie stated, his eyes glued to a bright Santa dunking gingerbread men into milk.

“Who said I was a top?” Bill countered.

“Who said I was?” Richie shot right back.

“You sort of just did.” Bill grinned.

Richie hated that he was enjoying this banter. He didn’t respond.

Bill accepted his silence for only a few minutes, before speaking again.

“How does it feel to be the short one?” He had to ask. He wasn’t much taller than Richie, but the inches were definitely noticeable.

“Fine…I guess.” Richie honestly hadn’t thought about it.

Bill nodded, eyebrows raised.

Richie sniffed, and rubbed his cold nose on his sleeve.

“So…how long have you and Eddie been together?” Bill asked, trying to keep the conversation going.

Richie cleared his throat, his eyes shifting to Rudolph. “Two years and five months, today.” The months didn’t matter as much once you hit the year mark, but Richie still counted.

“Oh…that’s a long time…Stan and I aren’t together.” Bill told him.

“So he’s not fucking you?” Richie asked, turning to look at him.

“No…no, he is…or was. I have a feeling both of us are going to be out a fuck buddy after today. “

Richie stopped in his tracks, “Eddie isn’t a fuck buddy. He’s my boyfriend.” He was serious about this. Eddie meant the world to him.

“Chill out, Richie. I just meant that you’re not soul mates with him. You had to know this day was coming at some point.” Bill was trying to reel the conversation back, realizing he overstepped a boundary.

“Chill out? He’s my boyfriend! I’m in love with him! Don’t keep reminding me that I’m losing him to a fucking bird watcher!” Richie was puffing his chest up to Bill at this point.

“Okay. C-c-calm down, Richie. I’m s-sorry you love h-him and you’re l-l-losing him. I really am. B-but you have a s-s-s-soulmate too, okay?”

“Oh, fuck off, Stutters!”

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

Didn't edit this because I'm a piece of shit, but here it is.

Warnings: Violence, Pain, Self-Harm

Word Count: 1719

"Rich, calm down."

They'd now gotten the attention of Eddie and Stan, who were rushing back to them.

"It's okay, Eddie. I s-should've kept m-m-m-my mouth s-s-shut." Bill recoiled a bit.

"Stay out of it, Eds. Go frolic with your soulmate." Richie reared on the smallest of them, almost spitting the word 'soulmate' at the two of them.

"Don't talk to him like that!" Stan stepped closer, as if wanting to shield Eddie.

"What the fuck is your problem, Bird Boy? Don't tell me how to talk to my boyfriend! It's none of your god damn business!" Now Richie was chest to chest with the curly haired male, their noses almost touching.

"Richie! Stop!" Eddie's plea's were unheard.

"He's not your boyfriend anymore. Get that through your head." Stan pushed him back, not too violently, but wanting the other out of his space.

"We haven't broken up! He is still my boyfriend!" Richie gave a shove back.

"Yeah? Well guess what, asshole? He's my soulmate! You know what

that means? He's mine!" Stan pushed him back once more, trying to keep distance between them.

Richie started in on Stan again, his arm raising to throw a punch, before a much forgotten Bill tugged on his arm and pulled him around.

"Stop this." Bill spoke, his voice all commanding.

Something in Richie's stomach dropped, the command in the taller males voice breaking through to him. But he was fighting it. Just like he was wanting to fight someone.

His fist connected with Bill's cheek, and both Stan and Eddie grabbed his arms. Richie elbowed Eddie roughly in the stomach, and the smallest male fell into the snow.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Richard?!" His voice was laced with pain, but anger overpowered it all.

Richie turned quickly, all anger dissipating at seeing his boyfriend in the snow. His cheekbone throbbed with a short amount of pain he shared with Bill.

"I'm so sorry, Eds." Richie offered a hand down.

Eddie slapped his hand away. "You're acting like a fucking idiot asshole. You know who you remind me of, right now?" His eyes were narrowing with his words, as Stan helped him up.

Richie froze.

"You're acting like freshman year Richie. And he'd better fucking retreat before you lose your best friend." Eddie brushed the snow off his ass.

Richie didn't respond.

He just ran.

Bill didn't know what was happening anymore. For a moment, he and

his soulmate were getting along. But maybe that was the problem.

Richie didn't want to like him.

He understood it. Nothing about this was easy for any of them. He felt like he was losing Stan, and he was sure Stan felt the same way. He was just blinded by the beautiful boy standing next to him.

Bill would be blinded too, at some point. But he was trying to guard his heart. He knew this would get harder before it got easier.

He rubbed his throbbing cheek as he sat in the back of Stan's jeep. It wasn't very often, but Bill would sometimes get this deep rooted sadness, a pain in his chest he was unable to rub away. He thought that maybe he was depressed or something because of everything that happened with Georgie. And it wasn't that he didn't have some sort of problems from his childhood, but this pain didn't feel like his.

It felt like a second-hand pain.

He hadn't heard of it before. Feeling emotional pain. But maybe that's because most people don't feel the terrible sort of sadness that accompanies certain events before they meet their soulmates.

Bill had, when he lost Georgie.

And he knew Richie had too. He didn't know what those events were, but he'd felt the chest pains before.

He felt them now, and he knew exactly what they were for.

His chest ached, and he sucked in a shuddering breath. It was overpowering. He felt like sobbing. Sure, he wasn't happy in the situation, but he wasn't feeling this bad over it. This was majorly Richie.

He didn't understand it.

"You alright, Bill? I'm sorry, again. I'm going to have a talk with him and try to make things better." Eddie turned in the passenger seat to look at Bill.

“Y-y-y-yeah. I’m okay. T-t-t-thanks. J-j-j-ust k-keep in t-touch, alright?” Bill gave Eddie a slightly sad smile.

“I will.” Eddie smiled back.

“Let me walk you to the door.” Stan’s even voice broke through it all.

The two of them got out of the jeep, and Bill climbed up to settle himself in the passenger seat once both doors were shut. He kept his eyes downcast, not wanting to know if the two kissed, hugged, anything.

The drivers side door opened minutes later, and Stan looked conflicted. He brushed a hand through his curls, before putting both hands on the steering wheel and gripping it hard.

“I’m gonna kick that guy’s ass.” Stan growled.

“No you’re not. He’s just hurt, Stan. I’m hurt. And if you beat his ass you’ll be hurting me too. Don’t forget.” Bill sniffed, his hand still rubbing at the pain in his chest.

Stan gave a heaving sigh, brushing another hand through his hair, “I know, I know…That’s the only reason I won’t kick his ass.” He put his jeep into gear and pulled away from Eddie’s place.

The drive back to Derry was quiet, other than a random sniffle, or a cough. They made it back to the Uris household, and the two boys shuffled up the steps. Stan knew he had to tell his parents he met his soulmate today, but now was not the time.

The two of them began undressing. Things felt different now. Not in a bad way, just that they both knew today was their last day of messing around. Stan was going to be so gone on Eddie within days. Bill wasn’t going to push it.

He just hoped he would still have his best friend.

“So, did you kiss him?” Bill asked, his voice a little thick as he tugged his sweatshirt over his head, his shirt coming off right with it.

“What-?” Stan choked.

Bill turned and looked at him. Even through puffy, red eyes, a ‘you know what I said’ look was shot, along with a thin eyebrow raising in amusement.

“I-uh…no, not on the lips. We hugged, and I kissed his forehead. I just…with Richie going as insane as he is, I don’t want to kiss Eddie and then Richie do something stupid. It’ll just end up with all four of us in too much pain.” Stan explained, exchanging his jeans for flannel sleep pants.

Bill hummed in response, shucking his jeans off and crawling into Stan’s bed in nothing but boxers and socks. “We can still cuddle, right?” He asked, a childish grin on his face as he rubbed at his chest.

“Right…and you need to stop doing that, you’re making it red.” Stan crossed to the bed and pulled Bill’s hand away from his chest to show the impressive red mark that marred his sternum.

Bill looked down at it with a furrowed brow, before his eyes caught on a different spot.

“What the-” He shifted from his knees to his ass, and looked at his right thigh. His boxers were already riding up from gravity. He pulled them back more, eyes brushing over the purpling spots on his skin.

“Should we…? I’m gonna call Eddie.”

Richie had ran. He had ran so far his chest was heaving and the cold night air was biting his lungs. He had ran all the way home. He didn’t know how long it had taken him, really, but he was here.

His hands were shaking so much he was having a hard time unlocking his front door, the key missing the lock about a billion times before actually sliding in. The lock clicked and he pushed the door open, not bothering it shut it behind him as he trampled up the stairs to his room.

His bedroom door slammed behind him. He vaguely heard his father yelling up at him for making such a noise at this time of night. He ignored it though, his mind still reeling from the whole day.

It had been so good. So good that morning. He finally got to mark up his boyfriend the way he always wanted too, they were happy, in love, and going to have a great day.

And now they were in a fight, probably not boyfriend's anymore, and he punched his soulmate.

His cheek ached slightly where he'd punched his soulmate, but it wasn't enough.

He wasn't being punished enough.

Richie threw his clothes off, scarf and all suddenly feeling very suffocating on his thin body. He was naked in moments, standing in front of his mirror. He was disgusted with himself. How could he get so angry at Eddie? He almost hit him. He probably would've, if Bill hadn't caught his attention again.

His fingers curled into a tight fist, short nails digging tightly into his palm. It started small, really. A light tap of his knuckles against his thigh. His other fingers drummed against his other thigh, trying to rid his still body of some energy. His arm lifted a bit more, before coming down harder onto the meat of his thigh.

The pain was dull, achey. But, bruises were easy to brush off. People would believe him when he said he didn't know how they happened.

His hand lifted further, driving down harder against his reddening skin. A soft whimper left his lips this time, but he kept at it, his fist speeding up now.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

On and on it went, skin slapping against skin as his fist pummeled into his thigh. He couldn't stop himself at this point, it was automatic. His brain was wandering elsewhere, a blank slate as his skin started bruising under his ministrations.

He finally stopped after a while, panting lowly. He didn't look at his leg, not wanting to see the damage. But he felt it. The throb was a good reminder. He deserved this. He deserved to feel this pain.

Richie crawled into bed and curled up into himself, crying for the thousandth time that night.